

LONG SERMONS, AND LONG FACES

Early Thanksgivings Were Not Festive, But Solemn,
Occasions—Modernized by Circumstances.



"... So strong was the spirit of our ancestors that when the detested Gov. Andros issued his Thanksgiving proclamation they refused to eat turkey, just to spit him."

Notwithstanding a quite prevalent opinion to the contrary, for which certain historical writers are largely responsible, Thanksgiving is a day for family reunions, feasting and social enjoyment, is practically a modern institution, owing to its present importance in the main to the conveniences of travel that came

Massachusetts, for generations, were solely religious observances, while that famous Plymouth celebration of 1621 was a harvest festival, never designated as Thanksgiving by its promoters and having no religious significance whatever, so far as known. Moreover, it comprised not merely a single day of feasting and merrymaking, but a whole week of it, and was designated solely for relaxation after many months of privation and arduous toil.

There is no record of a similar joyous celebration in our annals for generations afterward, the Thanksgiving referred to in subsequent years until after the revolution having been nearly as strictly religious affairs as Sunday itself, and so far as we have any existing evidence not greatly given to gastronomy. No mention of Thanksgiving is found in a contemporary list of holidays for merrymaking as late as 1799.

Until as late as the war of 1812, or later, Thanksgiving was not a regular annual affair, either its appointment being in recognition of special blessings, either spiritual or material, and usually deferred until such an excuse for its appointment offered, even though it might be for two or three years, as was frequently the case. It usually came in the autumn, however, and generally a bountiful harvest was mentioned as an incidental cause.

For more than 60 years after the arrival of the Pilgrims Thanksgiving was appointed by the legislature, and its respectful, religious observance was quite as obligatory as was obedience to any law of the commonwealth that carries with it a legal penalty.



No Labor on Thanksgiving in the Old Days.

with the introduction of the steam railway.

The holiday observance in the autumn of 1621 by the people of Plymouth, so often referred to as our earliest New England Thanksgiving, cannot be justly so characterized, because our early Thanksgiving in

A PROSPECTOR'S THANKSGIVING

I'd been prospectin' for half a year
In the rockiest luck
A man ever struck,
An' my hope an' my temper was out o' gear.

An' I felt just ready to up an' buck,
An' to curse the day that I first saw light,
To curse the gold that was hid from sight,
To curse the fate that had led me on
By the lamp o' hope till all hope was gone,
An' my heart grew bitter an' full o' hate,
An' I railed at the Master who would create
A man to buck
At the game o' luck
An' only git ripped up the back by fate.

I knelt me down by a mountain stream;
From its sparkling water I took a drink,
Then lolled on the rocky bank to dream
O' the tattered edges o' life, to think
I recalled the days that had come an' gone
Since I tore myself from the world away,
An' the fact on my memory seemed to dawn
That I stared in the face o' 'Thanksgivin' Day.

A sneer rose up in my troubled breast,
An' my soul with its Maker renewed its war,
An' I asked myself with a spiteful zest:
"What have I got to be thankful for?
What has God done for a man like me?
What are the blessings thrown in my path?"

Why should I bow on a thankful knee
When He's sprinkled my trail with the fire o' wrath?
I struck my pick in the gravelly sod
An' if to stub at the heart o' luck
An' sneered at the idea there was a God,
An' cursed such teachin' as wordy truck.

I glanced at my grub-bag layin' there,
An' I knowed when I'd swallowed another meal
I'd have nothin' to live on but mountain air,
An' in mad rebellion I ground my heel
In the unproductive earth.

An' I cursed at the day that gave me birth,
An' the fate that led me into the hills,
An' I cursed at everything I hurried
At the cruel earth an' its strugglin' men,
An' wished that the old path-givin' world
Would burst into nothingness an' then

I rolled the sleeve up my bare brown arm—
I noted the muscles clustered thick,
I felt the pulsations, strong an' warm,
As the life-blood flowed like a ripplin' creek.
I slapped my breast with my strong right hand
An' it stood as firm as a granite wall,
Save when it in majesty would expand
Till it stood out round as a mountain ball.

I slapped a thigh that was knitted steel,
An' it stood as firm as a granite wall,
Save when it in majesty would expand
Till it stood out round as a mountain ball.

Threw back my head on its muscular base,
An' in my soul I began to feel
A chiding that gave me a shame-red face,
What should I thank Him for? For health
That a man of millions would envy me,
For a frame of iron, an' a perfect wealth
Of muscle an' nerve, an' a spirit free,
As the breezes blowin' my sun-tanned cheeks—
As free as the sunlight that warms the land.

As free as the eagle that soars an' soaks
The rays provided by Master's hand,
A new light entered my riled soul,
An' I pressed the ground with my traitor knee,
An' a flood o' gratitude seemed to roll

From my glad lips up through the
pines-trees,
Then I lit the trail with the fire o' hope
Flashed into a new an' holier blaze,
An' I turned along up the rocky slope,
My heartstrings tremblin' with song o' praise.

It must a been Heaven that sent the luck:
For I hadn't gone more'n a mile, till
there
In the breast of a rocky ridge I struck
A lead that'll make me a millionaire.
—James Barton Adams, in The Sunday Magazine.

Bayberries for Thanksgiving Candles.
The revival of many an old time industry has brought into vogue the bayberry candle, beloved of our grandmothers, and here and there along country byways men and women may now be found garnering the aromatic berries, which some enterprising woman has engaged to make into candles, says the Providence Daily Journal.

It requires a quart of berries to make one candle. They should be kept in a dry place till ready to use, then put into a preserve kettle, allowing two quarts of water to one of berries. They should be boiled for four hours, filling up the kettle with hot water as it boils away. Then set it back where it will simmer a while and at night set away to cool. In the morning the wax will have formed in a large cake on top of the water, and after melting and straining through a piece of fine lawn or cheesecloth it is ready to pour into the candle molds. These candles give out a sweet, aromatic odor, which perfumes the room.

The True Thanksgiving.
Not in the form of a hollow prayer,
Nor the weightless words thou hearest,
Not in the mirth round the festal fare
Is gratitude sincere.
But deep in the bosom an unvoiced song
Of praise for the joy of living soul,
For roses that on our life's path along—
That is the true Thanksgiving.
—Hilton R. Greer.

An honest man may have a clear conscience, but he's apt to get lonely.

THANKSGIVING



For beauty of the generous earth;
For small successes, joys and mirth;
For large content in little wealth;
For books, for music, and for health;
For every good Thy mercy sends;
And best of all—for friends,
—Youth's Companion.

SUMPTUOUS REPAST OF HALF A CENTURY AGO.

Tastes of Our Ancestors Seem to
Have Been for Heavy Dishes
and Many of Them.

At Thanksgiving time so much is heard of old-fashioned dinners that it may be interesting to readers to hear what the term signified in Philadelphia some years ago.

About 50 years ago a large dinner was very different to what it is now. In the first place courses, such as we know them, were practically unknown; even in the wealthiest houses there was rarely anything but soup preceding the actual dinner, but this soup was generally very rich.

Such a dinner consisted about as follows: First a handsome silver-covered soup tureen was placed on the table, filled with mock turtle or perhaps venison soup, and all were plentifully helped, the great silver ladle, corresponding to the tureen, doing good service. After the soup plates were removed a great roast turkey decked with celery and cranberries and marvellously trussed and dressed was placed at one end of the table while at the other was a large piece of a la mode beef on a platter. Roast duck and apple sauce sometimes took the place of a la mode beef but the two ends of the table had always their respective meats or poultry. Sweet and white potatoes and every sort of vegetable to be had obtained a place on the festive board, while cunning molds of cranberries and jellies and gravies, pickles, and the like were in abundance.

There was generally what was known as a "oyster pie"—stewed oysters served in a puff-paste shell, the rich dressing of the oysters being made thick with egg.

There was no salad course, but of desserts there was no dearth. Pumpkin pie, mince pie, and always a wonderfully constructed meringue and either jelly or custard, sometimes both, served in glasses, while plates and nutcrackers were handed around for the nuts.

The centerpiece was invariably a great pyramid of fruits arranged on a cut-glass or Dresden china epergne, and when the table was very long, there were sometimes two of these fruit pyramids.

A little later, after the guests had adjourned to the drawing-room, coffee, ices and fancy cakes were served to them there. There were no little after-dinner coffee cups in those days, but generous breakfast sizes of finest French eggshell china, often exquisitely hand-painted with landscapes or depicted out in gold.

When there was a large party of young people, a separate table was set for them in the small library, which in those days, was generally built back of the dining-room, the latter being in the back building of the second floor, corresponding to the library or sitting room of today.

The "back parlor" was used only as such then or as a breakfast room, the state dining-room being invariably upstairs, and sometimes there was not even a dumb-waiter to assist in carrying things up from the kitchen below, so that a large dinner was no easy matter to serve in those days of large families and lavish hospitality.

DOUBLE CAUSE FOR JOY.
"Liza—We certainly ought to be thankful for" dis turkey to-day.
Zeke—Yes; and meah so dat I done got away wid it widout bein' caught.

"Mock Turkey" for Thanksgiving.
A novel suggestion for a Thanksgiving party is a "Mock Turkey." One was made last year by taking a knitting basket and covering it with brown holland. The handle of the basket ran lengthwise, thus serving as an excellent breast bone for the turkey. The brown holland was artistically adjusted to simulate legs wings and a neck. It was then tinted to the requisite shades by the liberal use of burnt umber paint. The stuffing of this turkey consisted of trifling gifts, accompanied with appropriate rhymes. The "carving" of the turkey was attended with much pleasant excitement. The operation consisted in making strenuous preparations for it, then suddenly with a dextrous movement of the fork, lifting the entire "skit," laying bare the interesting "stuffing."

Look Ahead.
If turkey day should find you glum—
We can't all be in clover—
Better bet the better days will come,
Be thankful—the worst is over.

In the Shade of the Sphinx.

The Egyptian pyramids will probably lose much of their magnificent and legendary appearance in the near future. The Egyptian government has given permission for the erection of homes and hotels in the vast plain stretching from Eskebich to the Nile and covered with the ancient sphinxes and structures. Already several societies have been formed to avail themselves of the picturesque view for the building of large hotels. All around the pyramids of Ghiseh there are to be erected real American skyscrapers from nine to ten stories in height.

The Original Porous Plaster.

It's Alcock's, first introduced to the people sixty years ago, and to-day undoubtedly has the largest sale of any external remedy—millions being sold annually all over the world. There have been imitations, to be sure, but never has there been one to even compare with Alcock's—the world's standard external remedy.

For a weak back, cold on the chest or any local pain, the result of taking cold or over-strain, nothing we know of compares with this famous plaster.

Artists Dislike Solitude.

Mme. Bernhardt and Signora Duse have mutual horror of being alone while traveling. Caruso, the tenor, is of the same temperament, always accompanied by some friend, who arranges traveling and other details for him, gives the singer advice and takes all similar responsibility from the artist's shoulders.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by Foley's Catheter Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honest in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
WALSH, EMMETT & MARTIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Haley's Catheter Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
Take Haley's Family Pills for constipation.

Sweet Thoughts.

An Atchison father is very much disgusted. He recently bought his daughter a \$75 gold watch, and she isn't as pleased with it as she was with a box of chocolates a young man sent her. The watch from her father means nothing, but the chocolates seem to mean enough to cause her to sit and look out into the dark and think, and think, hours at a time.—Atchison Globe.

To prevent that tired feeling on ironing day—Use Defiance Starch—

saves time—saves labor—saves annoyance, will not stick to the iron. The big 16 oz. package for 10c, at your grocer's.

Picquart's Army Nickname.

Gen. Picquart was always so gentle in his manner while about his regimental duties that his nickname in the French army was Georgette.

The greatest cause of worry on ironing day can be removed by using Defiance Starch, which will not stick to the iron. Sold everywhere, 16 oz. for 10c.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.

—Hazlitt.

Conscientious people are like ideas.

They refuse to strike a man when he is down.

Snappers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder right to get it. Your dealer or Lewis Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Few men will admit they are wrong as long as there is a chance to make others believe they are right.

"THE MARRYING SQUIRE."

Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., Has Married 1,400 Couples.



Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., has fairly earned the title of "The Marrying Squire," by which he is known far and wide, having already married some 1,400 couples. Ten years ago he was deputy county treasurer. "At that time," said Justice Law, "I was suffering from an annoying kidney trouble. My back ached, my rest was broken at night, and the passages of the kidney secretions were too frequent and contained sediment. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in 1897, and for the past nine years I have been free from kidney complaint and backache."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Legal Giant to Defend Thaw.

Delphin Michael Delmas, regarded as leader of the Pacific coast bar, has been retained to defend Harry Kendall Thaw, indicted for the murder of Stanford White in New York. Mr. Delmas will have charge of the case in every particular. He was admitted to practice in the state of New York recently, and in any event will take up his residence in the empire city at the conclusion of the Thaw trial. He has a striking personality and is regarded as one of the most resourceful, aggressive and magnetic lawyers in the country. In facial characteristics he bears a wonderful resemblance to the first Napoleon.

Schools Teach Card Playing.

Card playing has become so general among German women of the upper classes that regular lessons in playing are now given in fashionable boarding schools for girls.

MUSCULAR AILMENTS

The Old-Monk-Cure will straighten out a contracted muscle in a jiffy.

ST. JACOBS OIL

Don't play possum with pain, but 'tends strictly to business.

Price 25c and 50c

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Ely's Cream Balm

Is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Drug-cists or by mail; Trial Size 10 cts. by mail. Ely Brothers, 50 Warren Street, New York.

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100 DROPS

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Pumpkin Seed -
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Sulphate of Sodium -
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Sulphate of Barium -
Sulphate of Strontium -
Sulphate of Calcium -
Sulphate of Magnesium -
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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